

# PARIS HILTON



PARENTAL  
ADVISORY  
EXPLICIT LYRICS

Unleashed.

[Paris:]

Now what would you do, if I blast  
All up in yo' sh\*t, motherf\*\*k the whole staff  
N\*\*\*as know I flow, nine millimeter sh\*tting slugs  
I'm seein bloody bodies on the motherf\*\*kin rug  
Six o'clock be the time if it's on let it be  
You see it in my eyes, ridin through, hella deep  
See, b\*t\*h you ain't gon' do me like you did Da Lench Mob  
I'm decorated in this game, I played too motherf\*\*kin long  
Now - I ain't gotta name nobody name  
All I'm knowin is the whole f\*\*kin roster is complainin  
Talkin bout these white boys tryin to do promotion  
And white b\*t\*hes tryin to get f\*\*ked by these soldiers  
Talkin with that slang like you down but now hold on  
See now that's enough to get yo' devil-a\*\* stole on  
F\*\*kin with the wrong n\*\*\*a, playin with my cash  
I'm known for puttin devils on they motherf\*\*kin back  
Blast through the front do', what the f\*\*k I'm 'posed to talk?  
F\*\*k court, I'll be a dead n\*\*\*a 'fore you walk  
Brownout at nine, had no motherf\*\*kin mercy  
So who the sexy n\*\*\*a, b\*t\*h record label murder

[Chorus:]

(N\*\*\*a label murder) Now we fin' to start some sh\*t  
(That n\*\*\*a fin' to start) Motherf\*\*kers shoulda quit  
(Better have a n\*\*\*a money) Out for each and every dime  
Seem like everytime I turn around  
Some janky motherf\*\*ker tryin to take what's mine  
(N\*\*\*a label murder) Got the whole f\*\*kin click  
(That n\*\*\*a fin' to start) Now we fin' to start some sh\*t  
(Better have a n\*\*\*a money) Got these n\*\*\*as out the zoo for the job  
Bow down, motherf\*\*ker you can die when we start robbin

[Paris:]

So many times I seen these n\*\*\*as f\*\*ked up out they chips  
'Cause they didn't know the game, only makin 10 percent  
Dealin with these f\*\*kin jews, now you losin everytime  
How many platinum n\*\*\*as standin in the county line  
Make you wanna get your brick and snatch his a\*\* up out the car  
Baby renegotiate, f\*\*kin with them Scars  
Now you askin who I'm talkin bout, homey you can pick

This whole industry got n\*\*\*a sh\*t on whitey d\*\*k  
And then since I'm a soldier known to speak my f\*\*kin mind  
I'ma put you up on game, everytime I start to rhyme  
F\*\*k that devil get yo' own man, learn about some sh\*t  
Or be another broke n\*\*\*a, tellin what he did  
And now I think you know, that I really gives a F\*\*K  
Fear no evil 'cause I'm God, let that devil try his luck  
Last man standin up, for the truth, say you heard it  
These players gettin played homey, record label murder

[Chorus]

[Produced by Paris]

[Verse 1]

The year was 1995, another day, another dollar  
Bein' up in this game make a brother wanna holla  
Welcome to the school of dirty licks and tricky deals  
A fair weather friend's and homies that you thought was real  
Seen them come, seen them go, seen them down, I seen them out  
I seen them on my team until I seen what they about  
Funny how they wanna smile, spark them up and say they true  
But all the time, these n\*\*\*as take my kindness for a fool  
And I ain't gotta name all these playa-hatin' traitors  
Even with the Gemini, motherf\*\*kers couldn't fade us  
I made a little song about these jealous-a\*\* counterfeits  
Down what it is as long as you pullin' in the grip, sh\*t  
This is how I do it when I call 'em out  
Straight G game comin' from that n\*\*\*a with the clout  
See I'm out to be real straight homie to the end  
I'm thorough as they come, f\*\*k a fair weather friend  
F\*\*k a fair weather friend

[Hook]

They smilin' in your face  
All the time they wanna take your place  
The backstabbers, backstabbers  
They smilin' in your face  
All the time they wanna take your place  
The backstabbers, backstabbers

[Verse 2]

And now I take a look around and see how many of them left  
Everytime I turn around, my name on somebody breath  
Guess it's part of this game, everybody think it's tight  
Got me thinkin' out of mind mean a n\*\*\*a out of sight  
Funny how the friendship slip when the man's out  
But I remember back when them n\*\*\*as had they hands out  
Beggin' like a b\*t\*h, can't straight on me  
But now I'm scratching n\*\*\*as off my nuts like fleas  
And this one's for them b\*t\*hes and them fake-a\*\* friends  
Peep game, 'cause success is the best revenge  
Gotta stay on point, put it down and make a meal

And even though they phony, I'ma still stay real  
See I got much love for the ones that's forever true  
But n\*\*\*a if you fake, you can juggle on these nuts, too  
I never be a traitor 'cause I'm real to the end  
I'm solid as they come, f\*\*k a fair weather friend  
For real

[Hook]

They smilin' in your face  
All the time they wanna take your place  
The backstabbers, backstabbers  
They smilin' in your face  
All the time they wanna take your place  
The backstabbers, backstabbers  
They smilin' in your face  
All the time they wanna take your place  
The backstabbers, backstabbers  
They smilin' in your face  
All the time they wanna take your place  
The backstabbers, backstabbers  
They smilin' in your face

[Verse 3]

Yup, true

And all the time they was wishin' they was you  
Ain't enough to see a young brother make it on his own  
I'm sick from the smell of the jealousy cologne  
You see it in my eyes, I'ma be forever true  
As long as you be real, I'ma keep it real with you  
See I'll always be your road dog homie to the end  
I'm thorough as they come, f\*\*k a fair weather friend

And it's like that

[Hook]

They smilin' in your face  
Backstabbers  
They smilin' in your face  
Backstabbers

[Hook]

They smilin' in your face  
All the time they wanna take your place  
The backstabbers, backstabbers

They smilin' in your face  
All the time they wanna take your place  
The backstabbers, backstabbers  
They smile in your face

Here we go here we go it's another one of them thangs  
N\*\*\*as better recognize that I'm wise and I'm fin  
To make it known that I'm still, the one to call  
Each and every one of y'all out, let's see who's real  
And who's fake when it come to the funk  
I'mma bring it to y'all live and direct, and straight bumpin  
I knew you was a b\*t\*h from the first take  
No eye contact with the handshake  
Couldn't relates to where I'm comin from, when I came through  
With the truth, broken down on the first two  
When I first asked the question if you was down  
How many punk a\*\* n\*\*\*as do I gotta clown?  
With they a\*\* to the sky, gettin stuck by  
The devil in drag, let's see who play the fag  
Will you wannabe G's please have a seat  
Here we go again, n\*\*\*a please!  
Yeah it's all a part of growin up is what my momma told me  
How many trick a\*\* n\*\*\*as wanna try and mow me?  
I guess I gotta be the one to buck  
Put your house n\*\*\*a a\*\* in the dirt and won't give a (f\*\*k)  
Like I said, you're better off dead than you would be  
If you try to do me, I'm looney, so sue me  
Next time I rain on your world with the truth  
A solider ain't nothin to fool with

"You can't see what I can see!" You.. can't see what I can see  
"You can't see what I can see!" But you don't ever  
"You can't see what I can see!" You can't see what I can see!  
"You can't see what I can see!" Whoahaoaha-ahhhh!  
One two three, it's the G-U-E  
Double-R, I, double-L, A, yellin mayday  
Weeble with a street sweeper lookin for the beast  
Had me thinkin that I'm less than a man and incomplete  
Yo, and ever since I first started rhymin  
You motherfu\*kers wanna keep me down but I'm still climbin  
You know I stay real to the end  
Still fifteen deep on two freaks, I go tell a friend  
I look around and all I see is these trick a\*\* copycats  
With they played out beats and they fake raps  
And now I can't call it, it seem

Everybody wanna be a dopehead or an alcoholic  
So what you wanna do? N\*\*\*a do you wanna be  
A strong black man or another fool?  
Cause I'm comin full grown, and b\*t\*h  
You can take that wannabe G (sh\*t) back home  
Understand that it's on, like I told ya  
Foolin with a street soldier

"You can't see what I can see!" But you don't ever

Who's that n\*\*\*a with the big black gat  
That's lookin for the payback (lookin for the payback)  
Still comin real it's the motherf\*ckin bomb  
P-Dog in the city that's (sh\*tty) like Vietnam  
But them mark a\*\* n\*\*\*as want it soft  
Without ever understanding the plan to keep us fallin off  
But you better recognize that it's war  
Better recognize, black folk runnin out of time  
But if you man enough jump n\*\*\*a (jump n\*\*\*a)  
P-Dog got the pump in the trunk n\*\*\*a  
Better realize that it's much more to life  
Than (f\*\*kin), two new shoes, and hisidin  
It's like tryin to put a size twelve foot  
In a size eight shoe, it just won't do  
So act like you knew, and let a real n\*\*\*a come through  
From a street soldier to you, now

"You can't see what I can see!" Hey, you can't see what I can see!  
"You can't see what I can see!" But you don't ever  
"You can't see what I can see!" Oooh, you can't see what I can see!  
"You can't see what I can see!" Oooh! Noaoaahhoooh!

"You can't see what I can see!" (4X)

[Singer]

Music will make things, turn alright  
And I will dance til the broad daylight  
Check the flow, let it build in me  
Cause I know your heartbeat and I'm here to freak  
Alright! ... Alright! ... Alright!  
Alright

[Computer voice]

Aowww, this sounds familiar  
Let me stick my nose in the mix  
And see who do I smell, this time  
Ahahahahaha!

[Verse 1]

Who is it? The mothaf\*\*kin' D-O-G  
Still spittin' game over tight-a\*\* beats  
Get the money 'cause the fame ain't nothin' to me  
I be the tightest one servin' but it's never for free  
I seen many die on these streets fo' sho'  
Over money, wrong looks, cocaine, and ho  
Where friendship blows in the wind like dust  
See, they used to be yo homies but they ready to bust  
You can't trust no man, but some might try  
See them come, see them go, see them drop like fly  
How many of them fail, just a few succeed  
Where fantasy is real and what's real is a dream?  
And I been in this game and I done dirt, too  
Still down for the struggle but I can't be fooled  
Every brother ain't a brother, ain't a damn thing new  
Need to take your Million Man March a\*\* to school  
And tell

[Hook]

See it's the root of all evil, the story is told  
And you never really know if they your friends or foes  
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do  
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?  
See it's the root of all evil, the story is told  
And you never really know if they your friends or foes  
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do  
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?

[Verse 2]

They say change is the only thing that stays the same  
Take a look around and see how many remain  
I'm a vet up in this here, still ten years deep  
Gettin' cash, spittin' game over tight-a\*\* beats  
Everybody nowadays wanna come up quick  
Young soldiers hit licks who can suck on d\*\*ks  
But dirt gun in the dark comes the light  
Young n\*\*\*a got AIDS 'cause the kitty was right  
Now what you know, and what you see?  
And where you from, and who you be?  
'Cause everybody got skeletons in the cut

And peace to the homies in the pen locked up  
I said, it's like a jungle sometimes, it made me wonder  
How I keep from going under, who gone be the one the  
Change things 'cause it seem ain't no hope  
Scratch his name off the list if he come up short  
And tell

[Hook]

See it's the root of all evil, the story is told  
And you never really know if they your friends or foes  
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do  
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?

See it's the root of all evil, the story is told  
And you never really know if they your friends or foes  
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do  
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?

[Verse 3]

They say the world keep turnin' and life goes on  
Some others start slippin' while some stay strong  
The old pain goes away with the pa\*\*age of time  
P-Dog is on the mic, still spittin' the rhyme  
And if you ask me, you know I couldn't be much help  
Real n\*\*\*as understand, gotta do for yourself  
'Cause ain't nothin' comin' if you don't apply  
And don't nobody really care if n\*\*\*as' livin' or dyin'  
I fold up them up like a crease, breeze through the weak fleas  
On my sack gets scratched, now who's who in this rap game  
Late pa\*\* on my haters 'cause I still blitz them  
Shoulda kept ya mouth shut 'cause you got it twisted  
Real soldiers don't die, we just re-adjust  
While some might try, they can't touch this  
Street soldier with a capital S  
P-Dog sayin', "F\*\*k the rest!"  
Tell me is it really real

[Hook]

See it's the root of all evil, the story is told  
And you never really know if they your friends or foes  
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do  
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?  
See it's the root of all evil, the story is told  
And you never really know if they your friends or foes

So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do  
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?

[Hook]

See it's the root of all evil, the story is told  
And you never really know if they your friends or foes  
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do  
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See it's the root of all evil, the story is told  
And you never really know if they your friends or foes  
So cold up on these streets, I seen the evil that men do  
Will money be the reason that the murder continue?

[Outro]

See it's the root of all evil

[Verse 1]

Still in this b\*t\*h, ninety-eight is just another year  
I murder money drama b\*t\*hes, that fall in piers  
Comin' out the city where no pity be a way of life  
When n\*\*\*as quick to bust a cap in you to earn they stripes  
Ain't nothin' changed in these West coast killin' fields  
I seen so many homies die that I ain't got no feeling  
So I handles mine, pack a strap and keep on strivin'  
And quick to let these n\*\*\*as if it get down to violent  
Cause these haters ain't no friends to me, they make it plain  
But I refuse to be a victim of these ghetto games  
Break away from all the stress, bullsh\*t and aggravation  
And now I'm quick to blast if you want a confrontation  
But it seem like every time I turn around it's drama  
Hella flowers, coffee drinkin', and cryin' mama  
Somethin' tellin' me this madness ain't gon' never stop  
So I keep strivin' fo' the top

[Hook]

Now everything you think you seein' might not be the truth  
Understand these cowards fold when these n\*\*\*as shoot  
Understand this rap sh\*t is just another way  
Just another lick where motherf\*\*kers gettin' paid  
It really ain't the same as it was in the past  
Back when sh\*t was new, n\*\*\*as thought that it would last  
Understand this rap game is just another front  
Just another way for motherf\*\*kers comin' up, and it's like that

[Verse 2]

So what's the ticket out the ghetto for these young players?  
Slangin' dope, playin' ball or bein' rhyme sayers  
They want the money fast, f\*\*k school, that ain't what's happenin'  
So some of them n\*\*\*as got together and they started rappin'  
And it would be like who the tightest on the microphone  
Makin' demos in the basement of they mama's home  
And 'fore you know it n\*\*\*as got theyself a record deal  
And now they makin' money, doin' what they love for real  
Limousines, fast cash, and autographs  
Groupie hoes after every show be workin' the staff  
And magazines givi'n love cause they sh\*t is best  
Unless of course it's The Source and you from the West

Now mama's braggin' cause they baby's on the television  
And they livin' every day like it's Thanksgiving  
But you know, what they say if it sound too good to be true, it probably is  
That's the music biz

[Hook]

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Understand these cowards fold when these n\*\*\*as shoot  
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It really ain't the same as it was in the past  
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Understand this rap game is just another front  
Just another way for motherf\*\*kers comin' up, and it's like that

[Verse 3]

I'm twenty-eight and I've been in the game since eighty-six  
World tours, cash money, and hella hits  
Done seen these rap stars disappear like civil rights  
And go from po' to rich to po' again, overnight  
So many perils in this game if yo' team is faulty  
That's why my lawyer keep these motherf\*\*kin' devils off me  
And freak b\*t\*hes be, quick to set you up by playin'  
That pu\*\*y game like, you the daddy or you rapin'  
See dumb n\*\*\*as get they money took, tryin' to be  
That motherf\*\*ker on the television out with Robin Leach  
A couple of cars, hella clothes, and before you know it  
That n\*\*\*a to' back, hella broke with nothin' showin'  
So here's a little game from a homey that's still playin'  
The mo' sh\*t you see a n\*\*\*a with, the mo' he payin'  
In this rap life, nothin' what it seem to be  
I hope you motherf\*\*kers feel me, that's reality

[Hook]

Now everything you think you seein' might not be the truth  
Understand these cowards fold when these n\*\*\*as shoot  
Understand this rap sh\*t is just another way  
Just another lick where motherf\*\*kers gettin' paid  
It really ain't the same as it was in the past  
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Understand this rap game is just another front  
Just another way for motherf\*\*kers comin' up, and it's like that

[Hook]

Now everything you think you seein' might not be the truth  
Understand these cowards fold when these n\*\*\*as shoot  
Understand this rap sh\*t is just another way  
Just another lick where motherf\*\*kers gettin' paid  
It really ain't the same as it was in the past  
Back when sh\*t was new, n\*\*\*as thought that it would last  
Understand this rap game is just another front  
Just another way for motherf\*\*kers comin' up, and it's like that